THE CALL TO PEACE

DEDICATED
TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA
BY A DAUGHTER OF AMERICA

SONG

Price, 60 cents

THE WALTON FENN CO., MUSIC PUBLISHERS
132 EAST 19th STREET, NEW YORK

The Call To Peace

I

When this war is o'er,
Let us have no more;
  For men were not made to kill.
Let us learn to live,
And freely give
  Of the spirit of good-will.
There is room for all,
Nations great and small,
  And we all each other need.
With an active peace
We shall all increase,
  And o'ercome the lust of greed.

II

The Pharaohs' power
Lived but an hour;
  And Egypt is forgot.
Alexander the Great
Won a tyrant's fate,
  The ruthless warrior's lot.
Great Caesar fell,
And Rome as well
  Has lost her mighty power.
Napoleon too
The day did rue
  He tried the world to cower.

REFRAIN

O let us pray
His hand will stay
  The error by His might!
The good will live,
And glory give
  To those who seek the right.
With war's surcease
We learn that peace
  Makes art and beauty grow;
Instead of arms,
'Tis love that charms
  The soul to rise and know.

III

If the cost of war
With its awful gore
  Were used to educate,
This knowledge true
The point of view
  Would change in every state.
May the watchword be,
"Let the truth make free,"
  To resound through every land;
Then the slave's release
Will love increase,
  And men as one will stand.

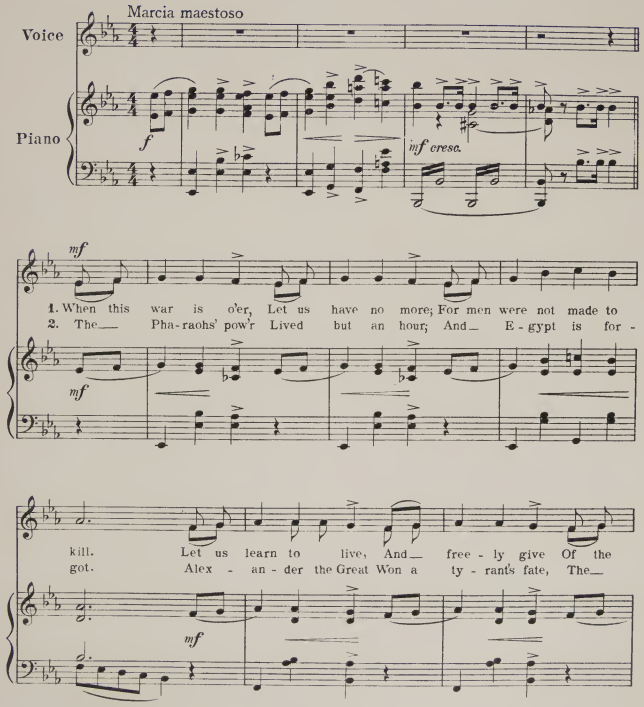
IV

Our land is for all
Who are caught in the thrall
  Of oppression and of strife;
Let us keep her pure
That she may endure,
  And in spirit gain new life.
May our land of the free
The leader be,
  With the flag of white unfurled;
And the dove of peace
May she release
  To soar around the world.

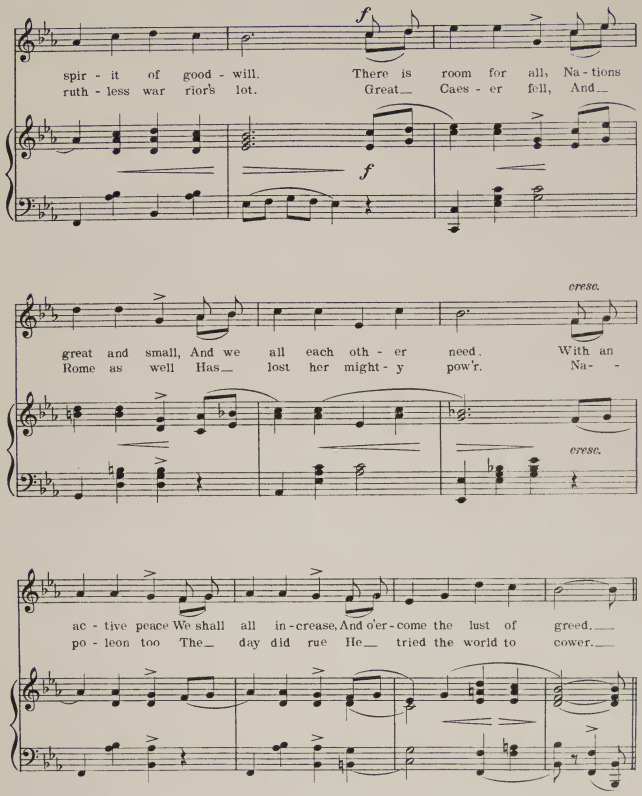
Copyright: All rights reserved

E. B. D.

The Call To Peace



Copyright, 1916, by The Walton Fenn Co.
All rights reserved
All mechanical and performing rights strictly reserved


f
spir - it of good - will. There is room for all, Na - tions
ruth - less war rior's lot. Great Caes - er fell, And
f
cresc.
great and small, And we all each oth - er need. With an
Rome as well Has lost her might - y pow'r. Na - -
cresc.
ac - tive peace We shall all in - crease, And o'er - come the lust of greed.
po - leon too The day did rue He tried the world to cower.

Refrain

p — *cresc.*

O let us pray — His hand will stay The er - ror by His

p — *cresc.*

mf — *cresc.* — *f*

might! — The good will live, — And glo-ry give To those who seek the

mf — *cresc.* — *f*

mf — *cresc.*

right. — With war's sur - cease — We learn that peace Makes art and beau-ty

f — *cresc.*

mf — *cresc.* — *f*

grow; — In-stead of arms, — 'Tis love that charms The soul to rise and know. —

mf — *cresc.* — *f* — *ff*